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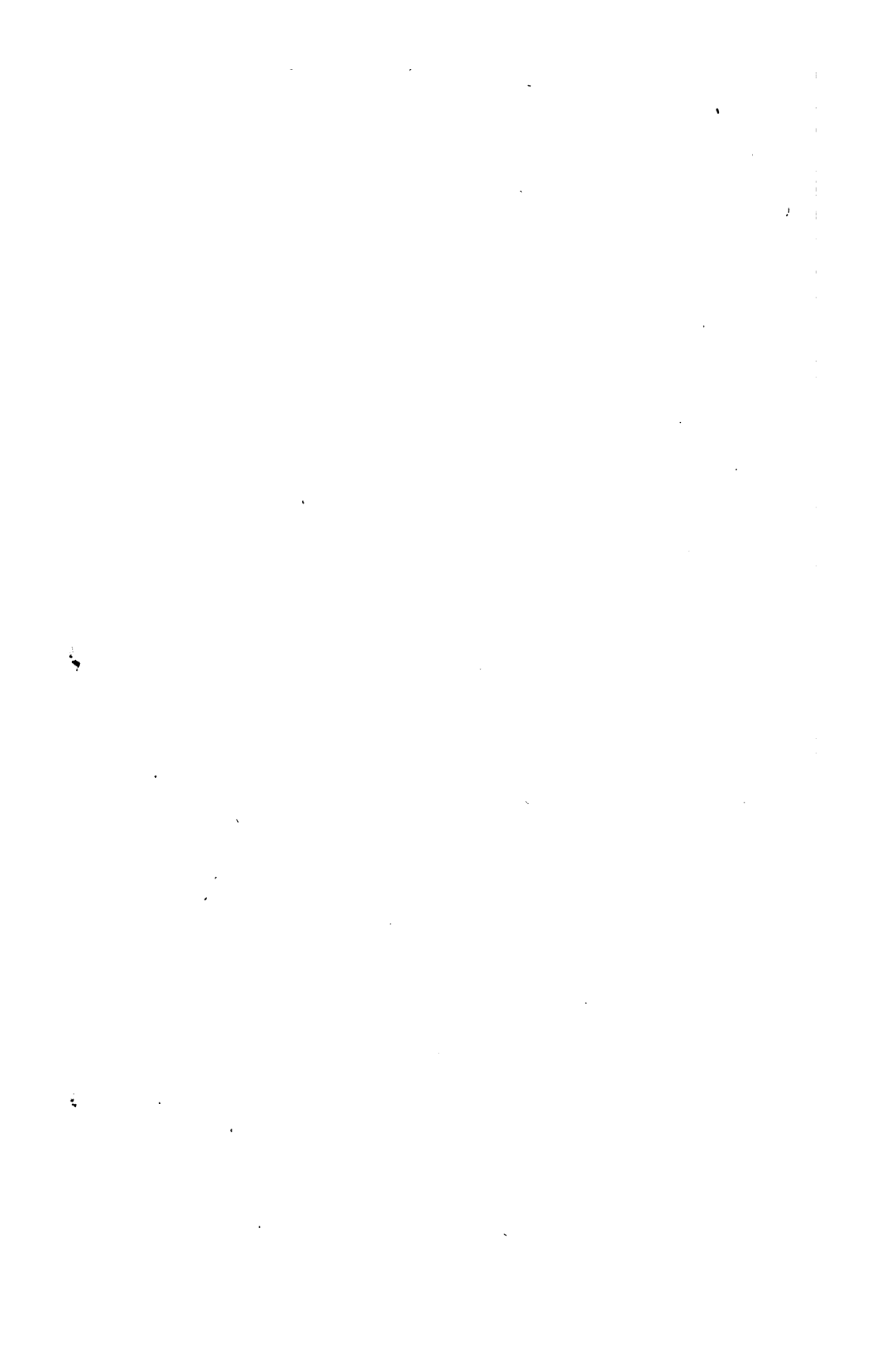
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Sophocles - Aias . 1849.

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THE AIAS OF SOPHOCLES
TRANSLATED INTO VERSE
BY
G. BURGESS.

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THE AIAS OF SOPHOCLES

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE

BY

G. BURGESS.



2212

THE
AIAS OF SOPHOCLES

TRANSLATED
FROM AN IMPROVED TEXT

INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

BY GEORGE BURGESS,

A.M. TRIN. COLL. CAMB.

LONDON:
D. NUTT, 270 STRAND.
F. MACPHERSON, OXFORD; J. HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

MDCCCLXIX.

G831.690

1861, Oct. 14.
Gift of
C. C. Felton, of
Harv. Univ.
(Class of 1827)

LONDON:

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The following is a List of the Works I have published, and the Articles I have written in Periodicals, on subjects connected with Classical Literature, during the last forty-two years—

Euripidis Troades	<i>Cantab.</i>	1807
——— Phœnissæ	<i>Lond.</i>	1810
Æschyli Supplices	———	1821
——— Eumenides	———	1822
[These four are with Latin Notes.]		
The Prometheus of Æschylus (anonymously)	———	1831
Four Dialogues of Plato (anonymously)	———	1831
The Philoctetes of Sophocles	———	1832
[These three are with English Notes.]		
The Menæxenus of Plato, with a Translation and Notes in English (anonymously)	} <i>Cambr.</i>	1835
Poppo's Prolegomena to Thucydides, translated, abridged, and criticised, with the view of proving, what Poppo denies, that Thucydides wrote Greek grammatically		
The Midian Oration of Demosthenes, translated; and with a Glossary of Technical Terms explained: to which is subjoined an Excursus on the Dionysia at Athens, and a Specimen of the intended Notes, containing three Supplements of the Speech, obtained from a ms., and Harpocration and Libanius	} ———	1842
The First Philippic of Demosthenes; being a Specimen of an intended Translation of all the Remains of the Athenian Orator		
	———	1844

In the Classical Journal, I wrote the reviews of Butler's *Æschylus*; of Blomfield's *Prometheus*; of Monk's *Hippolytus*; of Elmsley's *Heraclidæ*, *Œdipus Coloneus*, and *Bacchæ*; of Burney's *Philemon's Lexicon*; of Porson's *Aristophanica*, and Photius' *Lexicon*; and of some publications by Gaisford and Boissonade; together with a Commentary on the law of the *Amœbean Dialogues* in Euripides; and on the true arrangement of the verses in the *Epodes* of *Æschylus*, Euripides, and Aristophanes; and on Greek Comic Fragments; and other contributions signed G. B.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1832-3, I wrote the reviews of Schœlfield's *Æschylus*; of the *Philological Museum*; of Arnold's and Blomfield's *Thucydides*; of Medwin's and Harford's translations of the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*; and subsequently, of Dyce's edition of the *Critical Works* of Bentley; of Monk's anonymous edition of the *Iphigenia in Aulis*; and of Jelf's *Greek Grammar*; and a *Dissertation on the Days of the Week*; together with some shorter contributions on Classical subjects.

In Fraser's Magazine for Sept. 1837, I wrote the Review of Bulwer's *Athens*; and for May 1840, of Brougham's *Translation of the Speech of Demosthenes on the Crown*.

In the Church of England Quarterly, I wrote the Review of Brougham's Discourse on Natural Theology; and the articles on 'English Scholarship: its Rise, Progress, and Decay;' and on 'The Living Lamps of Learning;' in which I shewed, that the Scholars of England have done, and could do, nothing, as long as they were or are content to follow blindfold the Critics of Germany.

In the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, vol. ii. 2d series, is printed a paper of mine 'On some *Lacunæ* in Thucydides, and the means of supplying them from Suidas and other satisfactory sources;' and to the Notes there given in confirmation of my views I could now add as many more, and point out similar Supplements in other authors.

In the Literary Gazette for September and October 1845, I gave a series of articles, containing translations into English of some Supplements I had discovered of Thucydides, Æschylus, and Euripides; and in the following year I printed both the Translations and the original Greek in a brochure, under the title of 'Specimens of New Editions of Thucydides, Æschylus, and Euripides;' and at the end of it I gave a list of 100 passages, where I had anticipated emendations suggested by other Critics; to whom they have been attributed by persons unwilling to mention my name.

In the Surplice for 1845-6, I wrote a review of Monk's anonymous edition of the Iphigenia in Tauris; of Yonge's Hippolytus; and of the Fables of Babrias, edited by George Cornwall Lewis, M.P., and one of the late Poor-law Commissioners; where I introduced a Dissertation to prove that Socrates was the Æsop of antiquity; and I there threw out a hint, which it were easy to confirm by circumstantial evidence, that Socrates was the anonymous author of numerous works of fiction in verse and prose; which, after being translated into Latin and the languages of the East, reappeared in a deteriorated form during the dark and middle ages. I gave, too, in the Surplice, a series of papers 'On the Rise, Progress, and Decay of Greek Tragedy;' where I introduced a biographical sketch of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; a portion of which, relating to Æschylus and the falsely called Trilogy of the Attic stage, I had already given in Rose's Biographical Dictionary; the earlier volumes of which contain some articles of mine on different Greek and Latin authors, and an elaborate life of Alexander the Great.

In the Revue de Philologie, vol. i. p. 454-463, and ii. p. 225-235, I gave some notes on Pseudo-Babrias, intended as the Specimen of a complete edition of the Æsopo-Socratic fables in Greek; while the metrical translations, that appeared in the Surplice, were in like manner intended as the Specimens of the English version, which was to accompany the Greek original; of which, in many cases, only an abridgment has been preserved in the ms. recently discovered at Mount Athos.

Lastly, in Bailey's Hermesianax, published in 1839, will be found some Notes of mine; to which I could easily add an equal quantity from my ms. papers; and a similar remark is applicable to every work I have ever published. So true is the sentiment of Solon,

• "Ever as I grow old, still much I learn."

PREFACE.

In publishing this Metrical Version of the Aias of Sophocles I have three objects in view.

The first is to shew how easily a Translation can combine fidelity, freedom and force, where the original is correct; but how impossible it is to do so, where it is corrupt.

The second is to prove how little has been done by preceding Scholars for the restoration of the Dramatist; and how much it has been left for myself to accomplish.

The third and last is to afford a striking illustration of the truth of the remark, that without learning, taste and sagacity, we can never know when and why to reject what the author did not write; or to enjoy what he did; or to recover what has been lost by the lapse of time.

With regard to the last point I shall, no doubt, be told, that nothing is so easy as to understand an ancient author, if persons are permitted to alter without limit the text hitherto found in every Manuscript. And yet this very license of alteration has been taken by every Translator; and at the very moment too, when they fancied they were adhering closely to the received text. For when they met with a passage, they could not understand, they have given not a faithful version, which they knew would make nonsense, but an unfaithful paraphrase: nor did they perceive, that, if the paraphrase were expressed in the language of the original, it would exhibit a greater variation from the text, than the boldest of conjectural Critics would venture to suggest. Still less did they see, that the paraphrase introduces a mass of absurdity, disreputable alike to the simple style of the original writer, and the subtleties of a commentator, ever ready

To give to authors meanings never meant—
and totally forgetting, that, as the first of virtues is perspicuity, no passage is altogether free from the suspicion of corruption, where that virtue is wanting.

It must be confessed, however, that the sticklers for the Vulgate text have some shew of reason for their belief in its integrity. For of all the alterations hitherto suggested, scarcely a moiety can be for a moment admitted. And though of these lamentable failures the greatest number is to be found in the writings of the most learned, yet this will excite no surprise, when it is remembered that very few are accustomed to pay a sufficient attention to the connexion of ideas; by following out which alone can we arrive at the very words of an ancient author, disfigured by the mistakes of transcribers, and, what are far more difficult to detect and correct, the tamperings of interpolators. Had indeed Bothe, Lobeck, Hermann, Dindorf, and Wunder been more ready to reject, as they once were, than to support, as they have done in their second editions, the absurdities of the Vulgate, they would have been of some service for the restoration of Sophocles. But at present they have merely lent the authority of their names to perpetuate a mass of rubbish, at which common sense revolts; and have led the reader, who dares to think for himself, to feel that if the Greek dramatist did in reality scribble the stuff, which those scholars say he did, it is a pity that even seven plays, out of the 115 which he wrote, should have been preserved. For had they all perished in the conflagration of the library at Alexandria, Sophocles would not have incurred the reproach of being through the whole of his life the idiot, which he was accused of being towards the close of it. But, as the dramatist during his own life proved to the satisfaction of his judges that he was no fool, so it will be said, I trust, more than 2000 years after his death, that I have vindicated his character from a similar aspersion; not indeed by attempting to explain what is inexplicable; but by correcting not only the corruptions, already remarked by others, but a much larger number, neglected by every one else. And though I am aware I have not been equally successful in all my attempts, I still feel convinced I have exhibited this play in a more intelligible form, than it has hitherto assumed, and more worthy therefore of the Dramatist, whom Aristotle seems to have considered as the greatest at Athens.

To arrive at this desirable result I can truly assert I have spared no pains. Not a single work, connected with Sophocles, and written in the common language of the learned, have I failed to examine, when placed within my reach; and I have adopted whatever I found in them carrying the stamp of truth. How much or little is to be gleaned from those I have not seen,

and of which a catalogue is given in Engelmann's "Scriptor. Classicor. Bibliothec. Lips. 1847," I am yet to learn. But as scarcely one of them has met with even a passing notice from Bothe, Lobeck, Hermann, Dindorf, and Wunder, I am led to believe they are all equally worthless. And a similar remark is perhaps applicable to the German translators of Sophocles; some of whom have been cried up in England, but only by persons, who knew little or nothing critically of Greek.

With regard to this play of Sophocles, the most recent publication is Hermann's 3rd edition, which appeared at Leipsig in 1848, a short time before his death. Like all the rest of that scholar's reprints, it contains not only a recantation of previous opinions, which subsequent reflexion proved to be erroneous, but the promulgation likewise of new ideas, which he would, no doubt, have rejected, had he lived a few years longer. And yet with this convincing proof of the little dependence to be placed on his judgement, he has ventured to ridicule those, who had the courage to differ from him, and had entered on a domain, which he fancied was his own by the right, if not of conquest, at least of prescription; forgetting that as he was constantly giving up what he once laid claim to, he had left the ground vacant for any new comer. For like the Getau, to whom Sophocles and Horace allude, it was his constant custom,

To seize on some neglected field, and there
To sow and reap once, and then leave it bare.

After observing in the Preface, that 'many and strange things have been written on the Ajax,' he sneers at the half-scholars, 'who find it easier to teach what they do not know, than to learn, what they are not aware they are ignorant of.' And yet so blinded was Hermann by self-love or by the cloud of incense, which his worshippers were perpetually burning before him, that he failed to see how truly might be applied to himself the sentiment in Horace—

Change but the name; the story's told of thee.

For how could he fancy he was teaching what he knew, when he was saying and un-saying the same things perpetually? and this too not on points, where new facts had presented themselves to lead to new conclusions, but where all the circumstances had remained unchanged; and when, therefore, it was quite as easy to form at first a correct judgement as at last.

Of the persons thus sneered at Hermann has indeed not mentioned a single one by name. But it is easy to perceive that he alluded to Bothe, Wunder, and Apitzius. For all of them had frequently refused to adopt his absurdities; and had moreover expressed their dissent in terms, little flattering to the vanity of the Scholar, who in early life had been the antagonist of Porson, and was for many years considered both in Germany and out of it as the first of Greek Critics.

It is true, indeed, that he has mentioned Wunder's name once or twice, and adopted as often the alterations of Bothe. But of Apitzius he has not condescended to say a word. For he was doubtless annoyed at finding that Apitzius had, with more of feigned than real admiration, reprinted the critical portion of the review, which Hermann had written in German on Wunder's article on the 2d edition of Lobeck's *Ajax*, and on Wunder's own edition of the same play; where Hermann suggested the Supplement of a supposed lacuna, which he afterwards wisely rejected; for the verse, which he would father upon Sophocles, was only German Greek, and both in language and sentiment would have disgraced the veriest tyro in scholarship.

Amongst the more remarkable instances of Hermann's inconstancy, it will be sufficient to refer to v. 596,7, where, after Dindorf had swallowed the nonsense, that Hermann had put forth, he has suggested a totally different alteration; which Dindorf will of course reject on the principle that, 'a burnt child dreads the fire.'

On the other hand, where Hermann had in a long note defended the distich, 828,83 which others had considered spurious, he now rejects, what it has cost myself but little trouble to restore to its original state.

But the best proof ~~to be found~~ of the little value to be placed on Hermann's judgement, is furnished by his vacillation on questions of metre; to which he had paid a marked attention through the whole course of a long literary life. For in his 3d edition, he has marshalled some verses, generally considered to be Monostrophics, into two Strophes and Antistrophes, and an Epode; but not without the aid of a fancied lacuna in the first Antistrophe; despite the ridicule thrown many years ago by Elmsley on Hermann's system of making Strophes and Antistrophes out of verses, consisting entirely of asterisks, by which were indicated words, supposed to be lost; but which were subsequently said to be not lost, when

it pleased the inconstant critic to suggest a new metrical arrangement. In the present case, after giving the lines in his 1st edition, as he had proposed in the 1st edition of his *Hecuba*, he found himself compelled to offer another, after he had repudiated in his 2d edition of that play all the metrical notions he had promulgated there originally.

Disgraceful however as is this perpetual vacillation to the character of a Critic, it is still satisfactory for the cause of truth to find, that, on some disputed points of syntax Hermann has at last retracted his former opinions; and he has thus left in the lurch his silly followers, who, pinning their faith on his Pseudo-Metaphysics of grammar, were content to be led into a quagmire by the 'iguī fatuus' or 'Will o' the wisp,' which Hermann used to consider as the polar star to direct his erratic path.

Of course I am aware that the Hermannites will compare this attack on their deceased hero to the kick given by the long-eared animal to the dying lord of the forest. But the opinions now expressed I first promulgated 17 years ago in the Preface to my *Philoctetes*, and in my *Porpo's Prolegomena* p. 131. and p. 323, and in the *Church of England Quarterly Rev.* N. 13, p. 92, and in my review of Monk's *Iphigenia in Aulis* in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1842, p. 395, and of the same editor's *Iphigenia in Tauris* in the *Surplice*, N. 2, p. 20, for Dec. 6, 1845, where I delineated Hermann's character in colours, that both friends and foes will confess to be a striking likeness. And this I did with no desire to run down the man, whom Schæfer alone of the Grecians of Germany refused to acknowledge as Porson's superior, but to point out—for to prevent was out of my power—the mischief that Scholars of a high order have done to the cause of Greek literature, by leading inferior minds to believe, that all Criticism is only guess work; since even a Hermann has been unable to arrive at truth by a chain of inductive reasoning, which should be almost as strict, and quite as convincing, as any proposition in Geometry.

Such at least were the ideas of Porson, as developed in an article he wrote in the *Analytical Review*, Vol. II, p. 23; and hence it was his boast, that he rarely changed his opinion; although he felt himself at liberty to modify his previous notions. For he was wont constantly to do, what Hermann did seldom, and to think twice, before he spoke once, upon any subject. And thus, while Hermann lived to see his Critical Canons

subsequently

destroyed by others, or given up by himself as untenable, those of Porson have stood and will continue to stand a monument of sagacity and truth united.

Thus much have I deemed it necessary to state on the criticism of the text; which, as I remarked in *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1840, p. 632, when reviewing Lord Brougham's translation of the speech of Demosthenes on the Crown, should be first restored to its original purity, before any one ventures to render it into another language. For otherwise the version will be not of what an ancient author wrote, but of what has been fathered upon him by faithless transcribers and fraudulent interpolators. Of both these kinds of corruption the *Aias* presents a much larger number than has been commonly supposed. But, unless I am greatly deceived, nearly all of them have been successfully corrected by the united exertions of Critics, and the play may now be read as Sophocles wrote it.

It is true indeed that the far greater part of these corrections are due to myself alone. But they ought not to be considered the less certain on that account. For I can scarcely take up a modern Classical publication, connected with Greek dramatical Criticism, without finding that passages, which I have already corrected in a printed note or in my MSS. papers, are treated in the same or similar manner by some other scholar. Even in this play both Hermann and Dindorf have attributed to one Jaeger an emendation, which I had previously published in the Preface to my edition of the *Troades*; while Hermann has in his 3rd edition taken the credit of a correction which I first suggested in a note on the *Supplices* of *Æschylus*.

I confess, however, I have little hopes of meeting with a similar coincidence in passages, where; though the words conceal an error, they are so easy to construe, as to deceive the whole body of superficial readers, or of those who, in the language of Bentley, are content with the meaning there or thereabout; and where the correction requires not the unbounded learning of a Lobeck, but the delicate taste of a Tyrwhitt, united to a Porsonian knowledge of the Tragic drama at Athens.

With regard to the Translation, I wish it to be understood, that it is intended for the use, not of those who merely require what is vulgarly called a 'crib;' but of those, who, having learnt Greek imperfectly, are still desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the very body and soul of the Greek stage, as exhibited in the productions of one of its

greatest masters. And even to the mere English reader it will not be without its use; as it will not only teach him new truths, but unteach him antiquated errors. For, while in the Extra-Choral parts he will find almost a fac-simile impression of the Author's thoughts, in the Choral he will find none of the embellishments, introduced by Translators, desirous of dressing a severe statue of Parian marble in the meretricious finery of a Parisian milliner. Nor will he be led to believe that the Choral portion of a Greek play contains the poetry of a highly wrought diction, instead of being, like the Extra-Choral, a simple delineation of sentiments, more or less connected with the subject of the drama; and where nothing is to be found but the selection of words the best fitted to convey the intended meaning clearly and forcibly.

I am therefore quite prepared to hear that those, who have taken up the Translations of Theobald, Potter, Franklin, and Dale, will throw down mine, with feelings of disappointment at the total absence of a poetical diction. But as in the transactions of a dull prosaic life the first aim of every man should be to stick to truth, so in the character of a Translator, fidelity should be the first object; and until that be gained, it is needless to aim at force, and still less at freedom, despite the dictum of Horace, which so many are wont to misapply,

Not word for word to render careful be.

Close, however, as my English version professes to be, where the original is correct, it is probable that some of the German translations are superior in this respect. For that language possesses, what the English wants, a power of combining words and inventing measures as readily as the Greek can. But, on the other hand, in passages confessedly difficult, and difficult only because they are corrupt, a nearer approximation, I trust, will be found to what Sophocles did in reality write. For, as far as I can learn, not one of the German translators has obtained such a mastery over Greek, as to enable him to correct whatever is at variance with the genius of the language; nor has he possessed even the sagacity to discover, what the sequence of ideas requires.

In both these respects my Version presents a conspicuous contrast. For, by comparing it with the original, the reader, whether a tyro or veteran in scholarship, will find it a good lesson for the exercise of his learning and acuteness, to endeavour not only to discover the reasons, that have led to the alterations I have introduced, but by its aid to recover the

original Greek ; which I would have published with a body of Annotations, to expose inveterate errors and to explain new truths, could I afford to spend, as I did in early life, some hundred pounds, for the advancement of Greek literature, and the benefit of numerous literary pilferers, who have stolen without a blush nearly 140 of my emendations. Of these I have enumerated about four-fifths at the end of my 'Specimens of New Editions of Thucydides, Æschylus and Euripides : ' and the remainder I have here appended to the Preface, with the view of shewing that, if, as Paley has asserted in the Preface to his edition of the 'Supplices' of Æschylus, I have frequently altered passages, considered by many perfectly correct, others have been guilty of the same abuse of ingenuity ; and, what is still more remarkable, have either unconsciously stumbled on the same corrections as myself, or wilfully passed off mine as their own.

This play is generally called in English by its Latinized name, the *AJAX*. But I have preserved the Greek *ΑΙΛΑΣ* ; for otherwise the allusion made to the name in v. 412, would be scarcely intelligible.

In a short time I hope to be able to publish Translations of the 'Electra' and 'Antigone' : when I will shew, especially in the latter play, that Sophocles wrote something more fit to be read than the nonsense usually attributed to him ; but which neither Hermann with his three editions, nor Dindorf and Wunder with their two, nor Wex with his Commentary of 643 pages, nor Donaldson with his shorter but equally unsatisfactory one, have been able to perceive, much less to correct. Judging too from Donaldson's silence, it would seem that even Boeckh has not been more fortunate, while not an atom of information has been obtained from the eighteen young scholars of Germany, who appeared as the Corps de Ballet, when Boeckh gave up his previous character of a verbal critic to assume that of a poetical translator, and became the Maitre de Danse of the Greek stage at Berlin.

To the list of Emendations, where I have anticipated other Scholars, must be added the following—

In Præf. Tro. p. xx. I elicited ἀρκύτατ' ἕτα from ἀρκύτατα in Pers. 99; and so forty years after me did Paley, who was led to it by a note of Hermann, and of Seidler 'De Dochmiac' p. 407.

— p. xxv. I proposed to read Φρυγίοιο Τελέφαντος in Ajac. 210; and so after me Jaeger, to whom alone Hermann and Dindorf attribute the correction.

On Eurip. Tro. 546. I stated that χάριν—ἀμβροτόπωλον was probably in the ms. of that play used by Tryphiodorus. The same reading is suggested, nearly forty years after me, by Wagler in his Academic Dissertation 'De Euripidis Troadibus,' Marburg. 1846.

— 933. I had edited οὐ κρατεῖσθ' ἐκ βαρβάρων—long before it was suggested by Erfurdt on Ajac. 190.

On Eurip. Phœn. 1245. I had actually edited 'Εγὼ γὰρ αὐτὸν τῷδε κινδύνῳ με θεῖς, thirty-four years before it was suggested by Moser in Zeitschrift für die Alterthumswissenschaft, 1844, No. 105.

On Æsch. Supp. 142. I corrected μελανθὲν into μελανθές in Ajac. 927, and quoted there Hesych. Μελανθές—μέλαν, twenty-six years before the same quotation and correction were given by Hermann in his 3d ed. of the Ajax, in 1848.

— 559. I proposed to read γάνος for γένος in a fragment of Æschylus; and so after me Hermann in Opuscul. vii p. 349.

— 869. I suggested εὐρυχόροιςιν αἶραις: from whence Markscheffel, in Rheinische Museum, 1847, p. 169, was led to his εὐρυχόροις ἐν αἶραις. So too, on v. 1044, where I had edited φυγάδεςσιν δ' ἔτι ποιναῖς, he was led to his φυγάδεςσιν δ' ἔτι ποιναί. He testifies, too, that Hermann had hit upon γεραῖφρων: which I had tacitly edited in lieu of γεραφρόνων, in v. 353.

— 989. I corrected νικήσει for κινήσει, in a Comic fragment quoted in Lex. Anecd. Bekker. p. 347; and so after me Meinek. in Comic. Græc. Fr. p. 1194, ed. 2.

— Eum. 186. I suggested Παῖδων τε χλοῦνις καὶ κακῶν ἀκρωνία. So too Fritzsche, as I understand, would read Παῖδων τε χλοῦνις ἢδ' ἀκρωνία κακοῦ. But ἢδ' is not Tragic Greek; as I have shewn on Eum. 403. Besides, ἀκρωνία could not be said of κακοῦ, as well as of κακῶν.

— 710. I suggested καὶ τάχ' ἐν κακοῖς Γελῶνθ'—in lieu of τάχ' ἂν—in Ajac. 1042; and so, more than thirty years after me, Fischer in Act. Seminar Philolog. Heidelberg. p. 36.

Scholefield by Paley; and my *φέρομ' ἄν* in Eum. 256 on J. Wordsworth; and that my *κυνιδιὸν τε Μελιταίων*, which I proposed to read in the Pseudo-Babrian fable given in Cl. Jl. No. 53, p. 25, is attributed to Lachmann by G. C. Lewis.

Lastly, to the list of my own pilferings, or coincidences, may be added the following—

In Cl. Jl. No. 49. p. 21. I suggested *Εἰ μὴ παρείην κὰν μέσαις πολευοίμην* in the Æsopo-Socratic fable quoted there; and so before me the reviewer of Berger's Babrias in Jenaische Litteratur Zeitung, 1816, No. 172.

—— No. 53, p. 28. I proposed to read *Ψᾶrés τ' ὀρυκταί*: and so before me C. Schneider.

On Prom. 713. I have rejected *λύματα*, as a corrupt reading for *δείματα*: and so before me Bothe.

In Pseudo-Platon. Alcibiad. ii. ss. 16. I proposed to read *χρόνον οὐ μακρὸν βίον* for *βίον*: and so before me Dunbar, in his 'Exercises on the Greek Syntax,' p. 206, ed. 3.

In the Church of England Quarterly Review, No. xiv. p. 101. I proposed to read in Æsch. Agam. 451. *βάλλεται δ' ἄκρ' Ὀσσης διόθεν κεραυνοῖς*. So too Lobeck on Soph. Aj. p. 344 ed. 2. has suggested *βάλλεται γὰρ Ὀσσα διόθεν κεραυνός*. But he was not aware that the dative could not thus follow *βάλλεται*. We meet indeed in Tr. 742. with *οὐτ' αὖ σ' Ἀχαιοὺς βούλομαι εἶπεν Ἰφάρ· βίη'*; here we must at least read *οὐτ' εἰς Ἀχαιοὺς βούλομαι εἶπεν σ' ἄρας*.

THE AIAS

OF

SOPHOCLES.

ATHANA.

Of old have I beheld thee, Lartius' son,
Striving to seize by hunting on some foe;
And now I view thee by the naval tents
Of Aias, where he holds the farthest station,
In hoar-frost dog-like following; and marking 5
His newly-printed footsteps, to discover
Whether within is he or not within.
Thy step well brings thee to the seat, like hound
Of Sparta with keen nose in chase of hare.
For just now is the man within, his head 10
Dropping with sweat, and sword in hand blood-stained.
Within the gate, then, to keep prying still,
Is now no work for thee; as thou may'st learn
From me, who know; but rather must thou tell,
Why thou hast ta'en this trouble on thyself. 15

ULYSSES.

Voice of Athana, pow'r to me most dear,
Thy well-known accents, though unseen thyself,
How do I hear, like sounds of Tyrrhene trump
With brazen mouth, and in my fancy seize.
E'en now thou knowest well, that 'gainst a foe, 20
Shield-bearing Aias, do I wind my way—
For him, none else, ~~long time have I been~~ tracking. *with labour much I'm*
Since on this night he hath a deed unlook'd-for
Against us done — if 'tis indeed his work;
For nought we certain know and are at fault. 25

- For of our spoil, safe lately, wandering some
 We've found in woods, and cattle kill'd by hands,
 Together with the guardians of the flocks.
 On him all lay the blame for this. For him
 A looker-on told me he saw alone 30
 Dashing with sword fresh-reeking through the plain :
 And shewed, where, like a lynx upon the track
 Of hare, I rush. To some things I've a clue ;
 At others amazed, I nought can learn from any.
 In time then com'st thou ; for in all I'm ruled, 35
 The present, past, and future, by thy hand.
- ATH. I know it, Ulysses. As of old, a guard
 I've come, a ready hunter on thy path.
- ULY. Both well and timely, mistress loved, I labour ;
 Since of this mortal all the deeds are thine. 40
- ATH. And to this toil of thine I'm willing yoked.
- ULY. Say, if thou may'st, did he this deed ?
- ATH. He did.
- ULY. Why urged he thus for reason strange his hand ?
- ATH. Weigh'd down by anger for Achilles' arms.
- ULY. Why then 'gainst herds his footsteps leading rush'd he ? 45
- ATH. He fancied in your blood his hand was stained.
- ULY. Was then this plot against the Greeks designed ?
- ATH. He had done cruelly, had I careless been.
- ULY. With boldness what of mind and hand, declare.
- ATH. 'Gainst you at night he stealthy rush'd alone. 50
- ULY. Stood he in doubt, or sent some god relief ?
- ATH. E'en at the double chieftains' gates was he,
- ULY. How then his hand blood-thirsty did he hold ?
- ATH. By throwing on his eyes distorted fancies,
 From joy beyond conjecture I withdrew him ; 55
 And turn'd him 'gainst the mingled flocks and spoil,
 Not yet divided, under herdsmen's care.
 There, falling on the many-horned race,
 He cleaves around ; and, know., in thought he slays
 With his own hand the Atrides twain, and holds 60
 The chief, who gained the arms by crafty mind.
 For I the man, in a fit of madness wandering,

Urged on, and cast him into heaven-sent ills.
 Then, when he rested from this slaughter, binding
 Two living sheep together, from the kine 65
 And flocks apart, he drives them home, and boasts,
 As if he men, not horned cattle, had taken ;
 And to his heart's content maltreats them bound.
 Even to thee no joyous madness will I
 Shew ; and to Greeks, what none know, thou may'st tell. 70
 But stay thou boldly, nor receive the man,
 Like a destroyer. With distorted light
 Of eyes I'll keep him from thy face beholding.
 Hollo ! thou, who a stubborn captive's hands
 To bonds art giving, thee I bid advance ; 75
 Aias, I say, before thy dwelling come.

ULY. What dost thou ? Don't, Athana, call him out.

ATH. Wilt thou not silence keep ? Wilt fear put on ?

ULY. Don't by the gods. Let him stay ; 'tis enough.

ATH. Lest what should happen ?

ULY. Did he not with me 80
 Enter in contest, and is still a foe ?

ATH. Is 't not the merriest laugh to laugh at foes ?

ULY. For me 'tis enough that he remain within.

ATH. Fear'st thou a man who's clearly mad, to see ?

ULY. Seeing him rational, I had known no fear. 85

ATH. But e'en now present he'll not see thee near.

ULY. How so ? if with the self-same eyes he sees.

ATH. His eye-lids, that ~~were~~ seeing, I will darken.

ULY. This and all else, when a god plans, may be.

ATH. Stand still and stay ; in me thou hast a guard. 90

ULY. I'll stay ; but I much rather would be off. (aside.)

ATH. Aias, hollo ! I call thee once again :

Why to thy aider ~~thought~~ so little pay'st thou ? *hæa'*

AIAS.

All hail, Athana, daughter of ~~Jove~~, all hail. *Zew*

Well stand'st thou by me ; and with spoils all-gold 95

Will I adorn thee for this capture here.

ATH. Well hast thou spoken ; but resolve me this ;

Hast thou in the Argive army bathed thy sword ?

** Of him, who stood against thee, I am speaking.*

4

THE AIAS

- AI. Such is the boast. The fact I'll not deny.
ATH. Hast thou on the Atrides' bloody made thy hand? 100
AI. Aias no more will they, I know, dishonor.
ATH. The men are dead. So do I take thy word?
AI. Dead let them now of arms divine deprive me.
ATH. Thine, I well know. Where's not-Laertes' son?
AI. Of smooth-faced rascal dost thou ask me, where? 105
ATH. * ~~Ulysses thy antagonist I mean.~~
How stands his fortune? or has he escaped?
AI. Sweetly in bonds, O mistress, he within
Sits; for I do not wish him yet to die,
Before—
ATH. He does what? or thou vex him more? 110
AI. Ere, bound to a pillar of the home-stead roof,
By whip he's wounded, and his back's all blood.
ATH. Oh do not thus the wretched one maltreat.
AI. Elsewhere, Athana, rule. I'll willing yield.
But he shall suffer this no glorious fate. 120
ATH. Since then to treat him thus in bonds 'tis joy,
Thy power use. What's in thy thoughts, spare not.
AI. To this deed go I: and I thee enjoin
Aider, like this, by me to stand for ever.
[Exit AIAS.
ATH. Seest thou, Ulysses, the power of gods how great? 125
Who was than this man, of more thoughtful mind,
Or found the useful better to perform?
Uly. AI. I know of none; and much I pity him,
Wretched, if ever man was, though my foe;
Since he is harnessed to an evil fate. 130
And looking not more to his state than mine,
A man would say that we are nothing else
But phantoms and light shadows, while we live.
ATH. Such things then now beholding, speak no word
Thyself of anger full against the gods; 135
Nor haughtiness assume, if heavier thou
Than any art in hand or weight of wealth.
Since one day brings down, and again lifts up
All things of mortal kind; and moderate men

The gods with love look on ; the wicked hate. 140

[Exeunt ATHANA and ULYSSES.

CHORUS.

O son of Telamon, holding of Salamis
 Flow'd round the seat, that is by the sea-side,
 On thy well-doing joyous am I.
 But when from ~~Jove~~ a blow or very angry Zeus
 Talk, evil-bruited, from the Greeks falls on thee, 145
 Great dread I feel, and at them I am frightened,
 As a dove at the eye of the hawk.
 And thus in the night, that has just now departed,
 Great clamours oppress us against thy fair fame,
 That thou through the meadow, where horses sport wildly, 150
 Hast rushed and destroyed of the Greeks kine and plunder
 [Still left, that by spear had been taken]
 And killed with the steel fire-flashing.
 Such words is Ulysses concocting in whispers,
 And bearing to all ears he strongly persuades, 155
 For what's without reason is now of thee credited,
 And every hearer than speaker's more gladden'd,
 And on thy griefs insults is heaping.
 For against noble minds hurling thou canst not miss ;
 Should one against us speak, persuade he'd not. 160
 For envy ~~doth~~ creeps against those, that are well to do ;
 But apart from the great are the little a bulwark
 Of a tower unsteady ; and best can the little stand
 Erect with the great, and the great with the little.
 But 'tis impossible, ere comes calamity, 165
 Minds silly to previously teach.
 By fellows of this kind a clamour is raging.
 But no strength have we against such to protect us,
 Oh king, without thee.
 But when away from thy face runs a Cretan, 170
 A clatter great does he make, like a flock of birds
 Black eagle fearing : but if thou suddenly
 Art in sight, then perchance some one would cower
 To the ground, and through fear become speechless.

[Strophe.

Has then Jove's daughter Artemis Tauropolus 175
 (As a dreadful rumour runs,
 Mother of my shame)
 Caused thee to rush 'gainst public herds of kine?
 Since the guerdon of victory, fruitless to her,
 She found not, of glorious spoils 180
 Cheated, and without gifts in stag-killing.
 Or has the War-God with his breast-plate of brass
 About an allied spear found fault?
 Which with night-plans he has avenged
 And brought this mischief on. 185

[Antistrophe.

For ne'er from reason to the wrong side had'st thou
 Stray'd, oh son of Telamon,
 As on flocks to fall.
 From heav'n then came the malady. May ~~Jove~~ *Zeus*
 And Phœbus ward off wicked rumours of Greeks: 190
 If by stories suggested the minds
 Of the mob leaders cheat, and some scion
 Of the all-tricky Sisyphus. But oh do thou not,
 Do not, my liege without a fault,
 At sea-side tents thy visage keep 195
 And bear this evil fame.

[Epode.

But rise from the seat, where for many a day to the ground
 A contest has fix'd thee; through which thou art angry, and
 With madness, that comes from heaven; [burning
 While the insults of foes, like fire, 200
 That fearfully rages in dried-up dells,
 Are lit up by the tongues of scoffers;
 And upon me hath been standing
 Sorrow with a heavy load.

TECMESSA.

Aiders in the ship of Aias, 205
 Race of earth-born Erechtheides,
 Griefs we pour out: who for Telamon

Feel a care. For now doth Aias,
 The renowned, the great, the brawny,
 Far from home lye, 210
 In a murky storm of madness.

CHO. In what of immoderate madness the burden
 Has the night made a change? Say thou, of Teleutas
 From Phrygia the daughter; since thee, by spear taken,
 Does Aias the brave as a wife love and honour, 215
 And mouth thou can'st ope not-unknowing.

ТЕСМ. How shall I tell a tale not to be spoken?
 Suffering equal to death thou shalt hear.
 Aias with frenzy seized this night hath done us
 Mischief most terrible. In the tent may'st thou see 220
 Victims hand-slaughtered, and in their blood weltering,
 The deeds of one out of his senses.

[Strophe.

CHO. Oh! what of this hot man
 Hast thou the tidings told,
 Not to be braved or borne; 225
 Which, bruited by mobs of the Greeks,
 A falsehood unmixed increases?
 Alas! I fear the future. A man of great renown
 By hands around him struck shall perish;
 Since he with a dark sword has slaughtered the kine, 230
 And herdsmen through plains of wild horses.

ТЕСМ. What he hid in his mind, all is seen there now clearly.
 A part of the flock he came leading in tethers.
 Of some he the entrails upon the ground cut up;
 But their sides in a rage did he sever asunder. 235
 And slaying two rams with white feet he did hurl away
 The head and the tongue-tip of one from the threshold;
 But upright the other he tied to a pillar,
 And seizing a strong trace horse-binding with double thong
 Struck it sharply, and spoke bitter words and abusive, 240
 That a fury not mortal had taught him.

[Antistrophe.

CHO. 'Tis now the time, with head
 By coverings concealed,

- A stealthy march to take,
Or sitting on quick-rowing bench
On the sea-passing vessel to place me.
Such threats are rolling out the Atrides with ~~firm~~^{burn} power
Against us; blows I fear stone-pelted;
Since war have I shared with the leader, whose mind
Pan's fury-like frenzy possesses. 250
- TECM. No longer. For clear, as the south-wind, that flashes
Of very sharp lightning had shewn, has he ceased;
Though sensible now a fresh sorrow he feels.
For to look upon ills we have brought on ourselves,
And not what the hand of another has done, 255
Sorrows already great but prolongs.
- CHO. Had he ceased quite, most happy we had seemed,
For when an evil's gone, the sorrow's less.
- TECM. Whether, if one a choice gave, would'st thou choose
Paining thy friends thyself to pleasure taste, 260
Or to be pained, with them in common sharing?
- CHO. The doubled evil, lady, is the greater.
- TECM. In ills not equal I am pained alike.
- CHO. Why muddle thus? I nothing know. Speak plain.
- TECM. My mind-distempered husband, when he was 265
In the fit, was, with the ills he suffered, pleased,
And me still sensible by their presence pained.
But now the fit has ceased, and he's recovered,
He is dissolved in grief, his evil fortune
Knowing, and pains me not less than before. 270
Is not the ill, instead of simple, doubled?
- CHO. I say so too; and fear some blow from heaven
Will fall. For why, if the fit has pass'd, does he
Seem not more glad, than when it was upon him?
- TECM. That such is now the fact, 'tis meet ye know. 275
- CHO. Whence did the origin of this evil come from?
To us, who grieve for his misfortunes, tell.
- TECM. As common sufferer, thou shalt learn it all.
At th' extreme of night, when Hesperus his lamp
No longer burns, did he his two-edged sword 280
Take, and was eager without cause to steal

A march; when I reproaching, "Aias," said
 "What art thou doing? by no message call'd,
 Why dost thou stealthy rush to this attempt,
 Hearing no trumpet? Stay, the whole host sleeps." 285
 When in few words and harp'd on ever, he said—
 "Woman, to woman silence honour brings."
 I ceased, this hearing. He rush'd out alone.
 But sufferings there I have no power to tell.
 On his return he brings together bound 290
 Rams, shepherd-dogs, and a well-horned capture.
 Of some he cuts the neck; and others turning
 Upwards, he slays, and slits the spine, or bound
 Maltreats and stretches on the rack, like thieves.
 At last through the door-way rushing, with a shadow 295
 He talk prolongs against the Atrides' twain,
 And 'bout Ulysses, laughter much enjoying,
 How on their insults vengeance he had taken
 Not equal. Then to the dwelling turns his foot;
 And scarcely in his senses stands some time. 300
 When viewing the tent with deeds of madness fill'd,
 Striking his head he loudly cries; then sits
 Fix'd midst the fallings of the dead sheep's gore;
 Then seizing with both hands his hair, he tears it;
 And, standing for some time with passion speechless, 305
 Threats terrible into my ears he utters,
 Unless of this no common suffering all
 Be shown; and in what acts he employ'd had been,
 He ask'd. When I in terror told him, friends,
 As far as I knew, all that had been done, 310
 Then straightway groaned he lamentations bitter,
 Such as I never heard from him before.
 For he did ever deem it a coward's part
 And a mean spirit's to give vent to groans.
 But without noise of piercing outcries did he 315
 Sigh under-toned, nor bellow, like a bull.
 But now the man in such misfortune lying,
 Foodless and drinkless, in the midst of kine
 By a sword slain, sits quiet on the ground,

- And clearly is about to do some ill ; 320
 For child-like at some things he laughs and cries.
 But—for on this account I came—do ye
 Go in as friends and aid me, if ye can ;
 For by the words of friends are such subdued.
- CHO. Teleutas' child, Tecmessa, a dire tale 325
 Thou tellest of the man, driv'n mad by wrongs.
 AIAS (off the Stage).
 Alas ! woe's me.
- TECM. More than alas will come. Or heard ye not
 With what a moan thus Aias groans aloud ?
- AIAS. Alas ! woe's me. 330
- CHO. Still in a fit the man seems ; or for ills
 Of old, of something conscious, to feel pain.
- AIAS. Alas ! my boy.
- TECM. Alas ! why sadly does he call for thee,
 Eurysaces ? What means he ? where art thou ? 335
- AI. Teucer I call. Where's Teucer ? Or for ever
 Will he hunt plunder, while I'm thus destroy'd ?
- CHO. The man seems in his senses. Open there.
 Perchance on seeing me, respect he'll feel.
- TECM. Behold I open : and 'tis thine to see 340
 The doings of this man ; what state he's in.
 AIAS.
- AI. Oh friendly sailors, of my friends alone,
 Alone remaining in a steady faith,
 Behold me ; what a wave by storm of blood
 Has been raised up and compassing me rolls. 345
- CHO. Alas ! thou seem'st to witness well to truth ;
 And the act shews how thoughtlessly 'tis done.
- AI. Oh race assisting in the naval art,
 Who jointly went at oar-turning to the sea,
~~There~~^{Yon} in my darkness only have I seen 350
 Aiding distress ; now take me and destroy.
- CHO. Speak words of good, nor remedy bad on ills
 Bringing, make mischiefs greater than the cure.
- AI. See the bold, the strong in heart,
 The fearless in the fight of foer, 355

** Alas! how have I from a scotter suffer'd.*

OF SOPHOCLES.

II

On beasts no terror knowing turn my hands.

* ~~Alas! what insults from a laugh I've suffered.~~

TECM. Do not, my lord, I pray thee, Aias, say so.

AI. Wilt thou not hence thy footsteps backward turn?

CHO. Oh, by the gods, give in and better think. 360

AI. Oh wretched me, who did not turn
My hand against the villains;
But on the kine with crumpled horn,
And upon tame flocks falling,
Dark blood I've caused to flow. 365

CHO. Why still griev'st thou on acts already done?
What has been cannot be to be undone.

AI. Thou speaker-all, of evils all
The worker, not-Laertes' son,
Thou dirtiest of the army's scum, 370
Well pleas'd for the arms hast thou 'gainst me a laugh.

CHO. All have from heaven a laughter or lament.

AI. Oh! may I see him vex'd with direst illa.

CHO. Speak not big words. See'st thou not where's thy ill?

AI. Oh Father of my fathers, Jove, 375
May I the cleverest villain,
The hated raff, and chieftains twain
Of the mob destroy,
And perish myself at last.

TECM. When thus thou prayest, pray I may die too. 380
What boots it me to live, when thou art dead?

AI. Oh! darkness my light,
Oh! Erebus most desired,
Well would ye come to me,
And take me a dweller, wherever ye will; 385
For of gods I'm unworthy the race to behold
Or of men in their senses I senseless.
Greatly ~~Larale~~ daughter, a goddess of might. *of Zeus does the*
Me with a mind turbid ~~maltreat~~ ill.
Whither can I fly? In what house remain? 390
If blame comes to friends,
And to those, ~~that~~ are not so, a laughing-stock I *who*
Am exposed for the foolish capture,

- And me twice with hands struck the whole army kill.
TECM. Unhappy thou ! that a man of prudent mind 395
 Should say, what senseless he'd not dare before.
- A1.** Oh ! paths of sea-waves,
 And caves near the sea, and the grove by the shore,
 A long time has the hot strife of arms about Troy
 Kept me, but no longer 400
 No longer preserving life's breath ;
 This does one in his senses know.
 Oh ! neighbouring streams of Scamander,
 If mind ears and eyes ye possess,
 Ye never shall see such a man as this— 405
 A great boast I am making—
 Whom the army of Troy has look'd on, a leader
 Arriving from Greece-land.
 But now am I thus to dishonour exposed.
- CMO.** I know not how thy voice to stop, nor how 410
 To let thee speak ; in such ills hast thou fallen.
- A1.** Ai ! Ai ! who would have thought my name of Aias
 Would suit so well, as name-sake to my woes ?
 For now I may pronounce e'en twice, Ai, Ai.
 For in this land of Ida did my father, 415
 As first and best of the army, gain the prize,
 And home returning brought his children honour.
 And I, the son of him renowned, have come
 To the same spot of Troy with no less strength.
 But, though my hand not smaller deeds has done, 420
 Dishonoured by the Greeks I perish thus.
 And yet so much, I fancy, I know well,
 That, were Achilles living to decide
 About his arms, no knave had gain'd the prize,
 Nor any snatch'd the honour, but myself. 425
 But now the Atrides to a do-all fellow
 Have sold their souls, and put aside my worth.
 But since no pain so gnaws a free-man's soul,
 As does dishonour, I have suffered thus ;
 And the deep stain from this event my mind 430
 Has from its seat o'eturned ; and I have been

With bitter stings of madness goaded on.
 And had not eye and mind distorted been,
 And from my aim withdrawn me, never more
 In a cause against another ~~they~~ had voted. 435 *the avers*
 But now Jove's daughter with her Gorgon eye,
 A pow'r invincible, has caused my hand,
 Against them turned, to err, by bringing on
 A fit of madness; that my hands I stained
 In blood of herds, while they escaping laugh 440
 At me, who kill'd them not. But, if a god
 Misleads, a knave his better may elude.
 And now what must I do? If ever man was
 By the gods hated, clearly I am he.
 Me too the Grecian army hates; and hates 445
 All Troy and these her plains. Homewards then
 Shall I alone, the fleet and station leaving
 And Atreus' sons, th' Ægean sea pass o'er?
 But to my father Telamon what face
 Can I present? How will he bear to see 450
 Me with the prize of valour unadorned,
 Of which he did the great crown gain himself
 Renowned? This deed must not be dared. Or shall I,
 My arms thus taking to Troy's bulwarks, ~~fall~~ *singly*
 Upon a mixed host *singly*, and nobly some thing 455 *fall*
 Doing, die last? But should I not thus give
 Joy to the Atrides? This then must not be.
 Some plan must be sought out, such as to shew
 My aged father, that I was not born
 Without a soul nor of a coward race. 460
 Since it were base for him long life to seek
 Who has for evils pleasant nought exchanged.
 For how can fate by adding to a day
 And death deferring ever please me more?
 That man I would not buy at any price, 465
 Who with vain hopes is ever warm'd; but either
 To live with honour or with honour die
 Befits the well-born. My whole speech thou'st heard.
 CHO. None will assert that, Aias, thou hast spoken

A bastard speech ; but of thine own brain born. 470
 But cease to vent thy anger ; and to friends
 Giving to rule thy thoughts, these cares dismiss.
 TECM. Alas ! my lord, know that no greater ill,
 Than a forced fortune, can to mortals fall.
 Sprung from a sire a free man, and who revelled, 475
 If ever Phrygian did, in wealth, I'm now
 A slave. For so by the gods, but most thy hand,
 It is decreed. Hence since thy bed I've come to,
 For thee my thoughts are. I do then entreat,
 By ~~Love~~ hearth-ruling and thy bed, which has 480
 All hate destroyed, do not me worthy deem
 A painful language from thy foes to hear ;
 Nor leave me in their hands. For should's thou aught
 Suffer, and reach beneath the tomb thy end,
 Reflect that I shall on that very day 485
 With violence be seized by Argive hands
 And with thy son a slave's subsistence find.
 And some new master will, with bitter speech
 Assailing, say in sneers—"Behold the wife
 Of Aias, in the host of mightiest strength, 490
 What slavery for what envy has she now!"
 Such will one say. And me shall death destroy ;
 But the foul words 'gainst thee and thy son live.
 Fear then thy father in his sad old age
 To leave ; and fear thy mother too, of years 495
 Full many the possessor, who has often
 Prayed to the gods to hold thee safe at home.
 Pity, my lord, thy son too ; who, deprived
 Of youthful nurture, will through thee his house
 See under guardians friendly not. Reflect 500
 What ills on him and me thou'lt dying bring.
 For I have not, where I can look, but thee.
 Thy spear my county laying waste destroyed ;
 Where through their grief my father and my mother
 Fate bore off dwellers of the deadly grave. 550
 What country then is mine in place of thee ?
 What fortune ? In thee wholly safe, I live.

- And e'en of me remembrance bear. 'Tis meet
To bring a man to recollection, if
He pleasant aught has known; for favors ever 510
Favors beget: but he, whose memory fails
In kind acts done, that man's not nobly born.
- CHO. Aias, I would that thou, like me, a mind
Pitying possessed. Her words thou would'st have praised.
- AI. And I do greatly praise. And she shall well 515
By me be spoken of, if one bidding only
She 'll dare to do.
- TECM. Dear Aias, I'll dare all.
- AI. Then bring me now my boy, that I may see him.
- TECM. Just now I loosed him from myself through fear, 520
Lest he in evils here—
- AI. What did'st thou fear?
- TECM. Meeting with thee, poor child, might suffer harm.
- AI. The feat had fitted well ~~my~~^a cruel fate.
- TECM. But where I kept him, I have placed a guard. 525
- AI. The forethought of the guard, thou'st placed, I praise.
- TECM. How acting henceforth can I thee assist?
- AI. Permit me to address and see him plainly.
- TECM. E'en now by servants he is guarded near.
- AI. Why then from giving his presence does he stay? 530
- TECM. Oh child! thy father calls thee. Hither bring him,
Whatever servant leads him by the hand.
- AI. To one who does, or fails to do thy bidding,
Speak'st thou?
- TECM. Behold, the servant brings him near. 535
- AI. Lift him up hither to my arms. A fear
He'll feel not, looking on this new-shed blood,
If in good truth he is the son of Aias.
But straightway in his sire's savage habits
'Tis meet the colt to break in, and his nature 540
Make like to mine. Oh! mayst thou be, my child,
Than thy sire happier; for the rest, the same.
And then thou'lt be no coward. Yet e'en now
I envy thee, that of these ills no sense
Hast thou. Life's painless most, that nothing feels. 545

- Be thou then for a while by light airs nurtured.
 Thy young heart gladdening and thy mother's joy ;
 Until the happy boy shall learn there's pain.
 And when thou com'st to this, then must thou shew
 Thy father's foes, who art thou, and from whom. 550
 Then, know I, no Achæan will thee harm
 With hateful insults, e'en from me apart.
 Such a protector, when he back returns,
 I leave for thee in Teucer, and a guardian
 For thy life fearless, though he's absent now, 555
 From sight afar, and enemies hunting down.
 But ye my men, shield-bearers and ship's crew,
 On you this newest favour I enjoin.
 Tell him my bidding ; that he take this boy
 Homeward and shew him to our father Telamon, 560
 And to my mother Eriboea say,
 That if things turn out well, the boy will ever
 Their old age cherish, till they reach the cavern
 Of the god below. And let no contest-chiefs
 Nor drop of scum place before Greeks my arms. 565
 But do thou, Broad-Shield—for thy name is such,
 Call'd from this armour—take and hold, my boy,
 And turn with clasp and a much-matted thong
 The shield unbroken, with seven bull-hides girt ;
 But bury with me all my other arms. 570
 And thou, on whom sits sorrow, thus take back
 The child, and house shut up ; nor near the tent,
 Like woman, bring the keenest notes of woe
 Before the pitying, Quickly hide thee. For
 'Tis not a wise physician's part to utter 575
 A charm of words, where wounds want cutting cures.
 CHO. I feel a fear, these words of forethought hearing ;
 Nor does thy tongue thus sharpen'd please me much.
 TECM. Aias, my lord, what thinkest thou to do ?
 AI. Judge not. Enquire not. Prudent be. 'Tis best. 580
 TECM. How sinks my heart. I pray thee by thy son
 And gods, do not betray us by thy death.
 AI. Thou pain'st me greatly ; nor dost know, as I do,

To a god, who can assist, I'm debtor there.

TECM. Words of good omen speak.

AI. To hearers talk. 585

TECM. Wilt thou not hear me ?

AI. Thou hast said too much.

TECM. I fear, prince.

AI. Will none quickly stop her mouth ?

TECM. I pray, be softened.

AI. Silly thoughts thou hast,

If thou by words a stern mind think'st to soften.

[Exeunt TECMESSA and AIAS.

CHO. Oh Salamis famed for good voyaging, 590

Thou dwellest sea-beaten,

And for thy good havens

To comers conspicuous art ever.

But long is the time since I wretched

Heart-sinking in Ida's 595

Wood-abounding grove,

Of no account my lonely foot have moved,

By time worn down,

And having a bad expectation,

That I shall still arrive 600

At the dark grave, from whence there's no return.

And with me Aias, to be hardly cured,

Will go ; for he a cruel deed of blood has done,

A dweller with madness from heaven ;

Whom his country sent forth to war, 605

Fierce-raging, in former times victor.

But now out of mind, lonely-walking,

Great grief to his friends will he bring ;

While the former deeds by hand

Of greatest valour 610

Have unloved on the unloving fallen,

Through the destroying sons of Atreus.

Surely his nurse of ancient days

And of hoar age his mother,

When of her hapless mind-distempered son 615

She hears, will not, oh linus, linus oh !

Nor the plaint of the piteous bird

Singing, send forth wretched ;
 But with bitter-toned twice, alas ! alas !
 Will lament ; and hand-struck 620
 On her breast will fall
 The sounds, and the tearing of hoary hairs.
 He better lyes in the grave, whose mind is stark ;
 And who, from a race ancestral coming well,
 Was the best of the much-enduring Greeks. 625
 No more, to his nurture suitable, making
 His dashing through plains, he wanders mind-changed.
 Oh wretched father !
 Of thy son's fate, how hard to be borne,
 It awaits thee to hear ; 630
 Which never the life-time of Æacus' sons,
 Except in this one, has fostered.

[AIAS and TECMESSA reenter.]

AI. All things obscure a long unmeasured time
 Shews ; and, when shown, again conceals ; nor is there
 Aught free from capture. E'en the oath of Jove 635
 Is captive made, and resolutions rigid.
 For I, who harsh sounds gave 'gainst one, like iron
 In water dipt, am now in language softened
 By this here woman. And I pity feel,
 A widow leaving her and child an orphan 640
 Midst foes. And hence to ablutions will I go
 And meadows by the shore, my filth to purify,
 And the anger grave of goddess to avoid.
 And where a spot untrodden I can find,
 This sword of mine, most hateful of all weapons, 645
 I'll, digging a hole, where none may see it, hide.
 And may in darkness Night and Hades keep it.
 For since from Hector, of my foes the greatest,
 I did with hand receive the gift, I never
 Have met with any kindness from the Greeks. 650
 Of men then is the proverb true—"The gifts
 Of enemies are no gifts, and useful never."
 Hence for the future we will learn to yield
 To the gods, and know the Atrides to respect.

They rulers are, whom we must needs obey. 655
 For things of dread and strength in honours yield.
²⁴ ~~Snow-beating~~ Winters to fruit-bearing Summer
 Give place. The Night's dark circle stands apart,
 For Day's white steeds to fire with light the sky ;
 And lightly sighing hath a breeze the sea, 660
 After a dreadful tempest, quiet laid.
 And powerful sleep the eyes, it had fast bound,
 Loosens, nor does it keep them closed for ever.
 So we—how not?—will moderation learn.
 For I—what late I know, to sense returned— 665
 Have been so far a foe, as even those,
 Worthy of hate, to love again ; and I
 Shall willing be so far to assist a friend,
 As not about for ever to remain so.
 For to the mass of men the port of friendship 670
 Is not to be trusted. But on this my mouth
 I'll stop. And, woman, quickly go within,
 And pray the gods, that, what my heart desires,
 May be accomplish'd. And my comrades, do ye
 Pay honour due to all within, and tell 675
 Teucer, should he come here, my son to look to,
 And think whose seed he bears. For I will go
 Thither, where go I must. But what I bid,
 Do ye perform. Perchance ye'll hear of cures
 For ills, and, if I fail not, without pain. 680
 For life is sweetest, when one thinks of nought.
 Cho. Through affection I shudder'd. Now joyful I'm flying.
 Oh ho! Pan, Pan!
 Pan, wanderer, come from the snow-beaten neck
 Of the rock of Cylléné. 685
 Appear, oh thou joy-making prince amongst gods,
 That my limbs, to the self-taught Gnosian dance
 Though strangers, thou mayest unite well.
 For now 'tis my care in the dance to be joyous.
 And over the swell of Icarian waves, 690
 Much of sorrow destroying,
 Apollo from Delos come quickly.

And, what to a prince has befallen, well knowing,
 Oh! for ever be kindly disposed.
 Dark-lowering pain from eyes and mind 695
 The Pæan god has dispersed.
 Now, oh Jove, may the white face of happy days come
 To the ships over sea quickly-passing.
 Since Aias, forgetful of pain,
 To a goddess full sacrifice gives and performs 700
 The statutes, revering the greatness of law.
 Time all-confounding wastes and then restores,
 Nor would I say that a man would be smile-less.
 Since Aias beyond expectation
 Has been pleased and repented of bearing 705
 The dark eye of passion against the Atrides.

MESSENGER.

First what is pleasant, men, I wish to tell.
 Teucer is present now from Mysian steeps :
 But, at the middle of the leaders' tent
 Arriving, is by all the Greeks together 710
 Reviled. For when they learnt that he was coming,
 At a distance in a circle they stand round,
 And pelt him with abuse both here and there ;
 Nor was there one, who did not ; calling him
 The brother of the madman and the plotter 715
 Against the army ; nor ~~was it sufficient~~
 For him to suffer, merely grazed by stones,
 But e'en so far they went that, by their hands
 Drawn from the scabbard, fiery swords were seen.
 The strife however to full lengths not running 720
 Ceased, through the words of old men interfering.
 But where is Aias ? that I may, what's fitting,
 Tell him.

CHO. He's not within ; but just now gone.
 Fitly new plans to manners new adjusting.

MESS. Has he, who sent me on this tardy journey, 725
 Deceived, or am I tardy found myself ?

CHO. If in some matter has thy foot been wanting,
 What's meet, to our master I will tell ; say on.

MESS. The man, who is within the tent, did Teucer
 Forbid to have his head without, until 730
 He present was himself.

CHO. He's just gone out,
 To best thoughts turned, that to the gods he may
 For anger reconciliation make.

MESS. These words
 Are of much folly full ; if, thinking well,
 Calchas a prophecy has made.

CHO. What act 735
 Is this, which knowing thou hast hither come ?

MESS. Thus much I know ; for there I chanced to be,
 Where, from the council and the kingly circle,
 Calchas withdrawing, stood by himself apart
 From the Atrides ; and his right hand placing 740
 With friendly feeling in the hand of Teucer,

Spoke, and enjoined him by a prophet's art
 Aias to keep—for by a dream he knew
 Clearly what must be—underneath the tent,
 Nor suffer him to go at large, if ever . 745

To see him again alive he wish'd ; for on
 This day alone would of divine Athana
 The anger harass him ; as he said, say I.
 And more—that bodies big and without mind
 Fall into heavy failures through the gods, 750
 The prophet said ; when he, whose natural state
 Is mortal, does not like a mortal think.

For, when he went from home, he was ungodly
 And senseless found, his father speaking well.
 For when he said, " My son, with spear be willing 755
 To conquer ; but with god to conquer ever ;"

The son with a high and silly boast replied,
 " Father, e'en he, who nothing is, with gods
 May victory gain, but I without them trust
 My arms will draw renown." Such boast he uttered. 760

Again he cared not for Athana's anger ;
 When she exhorting said—" Behold, foes thee
 With bloody hand are turning ;" he made answer

Conard

Thus in words dreadful and to-be-not-spoken,
 "By ~~other~~ Argives stand thou, Queen, at hand ; 765
 Through me in battle none the line shall break."
 By such words senseless, nor like mortal thinking,
 Did he the unloving deity's anger gain.
 But if to me some god things wish'd for grants,
 Perchance we may with god his saviour be. 770

^ I have come

So spake the seer ; when straightway Teucer ran,
 And told me what I've brought ; and do ye keep
 His bidding. But if [^]too late ~~I've arrived~~,
 Learn, he is not ; if wise in dreams is Calchas.
 CHO. Hapless Tecmessa, of a hapless race, 775
 Come forth and see this man, what words he tells :
 For to the quick it cuts, that one's not glad.

TECMESSA.

TECM. Why have ye me, the unhappy and from sorrows
 Wasting just freed, from my seat caused to rise ?
 CHO. Hear from this man the story he has brought 780
 Respecting Aias, which has pained me much.
 TECM. Woe's me ! what say'st thou, man ? Are we destroy'd ?
 MESS. Of your affairs I know not. But for Aias,
 If still he's out of doors, I have my fears.
 TECM. And out of doors he is ; so that thy words 785
 To me give pain.

MESS. To keep him in the tent
 Teucer enjoins ; nor let him stir from home.

TECM. And where is Teucer ? and why says he so ?

MESS. He there in safety now is : but he fears
 He'll turn to a road to Aias fatal here. 790

TECM. Woe's me. From what man learnt he these sad fears ?

MESS. From son of Thestor. As a seer he said
 This day would bring to Aias death or life.

TECM. Alas ! oh friends, protect me from the fate,
 That meets me. Hasten some to Teucer call ; 795
 Others to western jutlands go, and some
 The eastern seek : and all the man's sad road.
 For by my husband have I cheated been,
 I know, and cast out from his former favour,

What shall I do, alas, my child? Sit here, 800
We must not; whither I have strength, I'll go.

[Exeunt TECMESSA and Messenger.

HEMICHORUS I.

Let 's go in haste. For sitting 'tis no time;
If him we wish to save, who hastes to die.

HEMICHORUS II.

To go I'm ready, and not mere words shew. 805
The quicken'd foot shall see me idle not.

[Exit CHORUS in two troops by two opposite roads.

AIAS reenters.

- AI. The sword there stands, where it will cut the quickest,
Should there no leisure be discourse to hold;
And in not-hostile, Trojan ground 'tis fixed,
With iron-eating whetstone newly sharpened. 810
And secretly I've rushed, a cloak well taking,
Where he, who quickly life's last act performs,
May lye concealed. Thus well have I arranged.
But of the gods do thou, paternal Jove—
For just is my request—assist; since I 815
Will ask thee no great boon to grant, but only
Send thou some kindly messenger to bear
To Teucer these sad tidings, that he first
Lift me up, falling on this fresh-stained sword;
And let me not, by some foe seen before, 820
Be giv'n to dogs and birds an outcast prize.
Thus much I ask thee, Jove. And I do call
On Hermes, carrier to the grave, to put me
Kindly, without a struggle and with speed
Falling, to sleep, when with this sword my side 825
I shall have burst through. And on you I call
Of injuries the avengers, virgins ever,
And ever looking on what mortals suffer,
Solemn Erinnyes and long-footed, see me
Thus falling on a sword; and so with sword 830
May Fate, if ever upon guilt she looks,
Creep to the homes of Atreus' sons—through whom
I wretched die—and to the son of Sisypheus;

And may they all by those, who love them not,
 Or whom they 've wedded, perish. But do ye, 835
 The quick and avenging blood-hounds of my curses,
 Now feed on and spare not the vulgar crew.
 And thou, who driv'st thy chariot through high heaven,
 Oh Sun, when thou my father's land shalt see,
 Restrain thy golden-knitted reins, and tell 840
 My aged sire my madness and my death,
 And to my woe-gone mother; who, when's heard
 The hapless story, will send forth a cry
 Bitter and in her tribulation long.
 But thus to grieve in vain 's an idle act. 845
 The deed must be begun, and quick proceed.
 Oh Death, that art no Death, come look on me,
Since thee ~~Although~~ I call ^{on} ~~thee~~ in the midst of ills. *~ 4*
 And thou, oh present light of brilliant day,
 And thee, not-dreaded Clymenus, I address 850
 Now for the last time, and no more again;
 Last too 's the day, in which thee, holy plain
 Of my own Salamis and sire's hearth-seat,
 And Athens famed, and common-nurtured race,
 And founts and rivers here and plains of Troy 855
 I now address; feeders, no more, farewell.
 This the last word to you ~~both Aias~~ ^I say *on earth*;
 The rest in the grave to those below I'll tell.

[Re-enter the two troops of the CHORUS from opposite sides of the stage.]

HEMICHOR. I. Labour labour brings:
 For where have I not been? 860
 There is no place, but what my eyes have seen.
 HEMICHOR. II. Look, look; there a voice
 Is sounding. I hear some one.
 It is of our ship the common-sailing crew.
 HEMICH. I. How goes it there? 865
 HEMICH. II. On the fleet's western side all has been paced.
 HEMICH. I. Hast thou aught found?
 HEMICH. II. Plenty of toil; but nothing more for sight.
 HEMICH. I. Nor yet by me, who took the eastern path,

- Has any where the man discovered been. 870
- CHO. Who then will tell me, who of much-tolling
Fishermen ^{who are} captures sleepless engaged?
Or who of gods, that with marsh plain or stream
Of the Bosphorus are familiar,
If by chance they have seen, 875
The man with a savage mind wandering.
For very sad is it, that I, with much labour
Roaming, can not in a lucky course reach him,
Nor see, where the wanderer is.
TECMESSA [off the stage.]
Alas! woe's me. 880
- CHO. Whose cry comes from the tent hard by the grove?
TECM. Oh! wretched I.
CHO. I see the hapless and spear-taken wife
Tecmessa, immersed in sorrow for some woe.
TECMESSA enters.
I'm lost; I perish; I am ruined, friends. 885
- CHO. What is't?
TECM. Aias, late sound in body, newly kill'd
Lyes here, on a secret dagger coil'd around.
CHO. Alas! for my return!
Alas! my king, thou hast destroy'd 890
Thy fellow-sailor by deceit.
Alas! unhappy lady,
TECM. Since things are thus, thou may'st cry twice, Alas!
CHO. Whose hand then hapless did the deed commit?
TECM. He by his own, 'tis plain. See, in the ground 895
The sword firm fix'd proves he did fall around it.
CHO. By madness seiz'd, how art thou stained with blood,
Unguarded by friends;
While deaf to all things, of all unawares, ^{and}
Have I thee disregarded. Where, where 900
Lyes Aias the stubborn and lucklessly named?
TECM. Seen he must not be. With this garment folded
Around I'll cover him all o'er again.
E'en he, who is no friend, would not dare look
Upon him, by a deadly suicidal blow 905

From nose out-pouring a black stream of gore.
 Alas! what shall I do? What friend will bear him?
 Where's Teucer? to whose care 'twill fall the limbs
 Of his dead brother to compose, if timely
 He comes. Unhappy Aias! what art thou? 910
 How with lament fit e'en from foes to meet.

CHO. Wert thou about with deceit of hands
 And purpose firm to accomplish
 The evil fate of unbounded woes?
 Such groans by night and by day 915
 Did'st thou make and with savage soul
 A curse, thou foe of the Atrides.
 With destructive suffering
 Dark was the time, the beginner of woes
 To us, when a contest for arms 920
 To the hands of the chiefs was proposed.

TECM. Alas! woe's me.

very

CHO. Goes to my heart this ~~double~~-sad event.

TECM. Alas! woe's me.

CHO. I doubt not, Lady, that thou would'st lament 925
 Doubly, of ~~such~~ a friend ~~just~~ now deprived.

in sake lately.

TECM. Such are thy thoughts; but mine to feel a woe
 Threefold; for such calamities I've met with.

CHO. I say so with thee.

TECM. Alas! my child, to what yoke shall we go 930
 Of slavery? what troubles on us press?

CHO. Alas! thou hast touch'd on a matter
 To the Atrides' unfeeling most pleasant,
 But unspeakable woes to thyself.
 Yet may a god ward them off. 935

TECM. This had not been to me, save with the gods.

CHO. Hate did this over-weighty pain effect.

TECM. Know well, Jove's daughter Pallas, a dread power,
 Has for Ulysses' sake this pain produced.

CHO. Over a dark-looking rage to insult 940
 Has a man much-enduring found;
 And at these maddening griefs
 Does he laugh a great laughter, alas!

- And with him the two kings, what I have seen, hearing.
TEUC. Let them then laugh, and over this man's ills 945
 Rejoice. Perchance whom living they loved not,
 They will, when dead, in the battle's need lament.
 For silly-minded men know not the good,
 They have in hand, before 'tis lost. To me
 Bitter his death is; but to them 'tis sweet, 950
 Yet joyous to himself. For what he wished,
 He has obtained. This Death, which he desired, knows.
 How then can they at him enjoy a laugh?
 For gods he laid down, not for them, his life.
 Let vainly then insult o'er him Ulysses. 955
 For Aias is no more, where he can hear
 Insults, or feel a pang; but, leaving me
 Laments and tribulations, has gone dead. *Exit Tecmessa*
TEUCER [off the stage].
 Alas! Woe's me.
CHO. Silence. For Teucer's voice, methinks, I hear, 960
 Into cry bursting, at the sight of woe.
TEUCER.
 Oh! dearest Aias, of the same blood born,
 Hast thou deceived me, as report prevails?
CHO. Teucer, the man is dead. This fact know well.
TEUC. Alas! for this my very heavy fortune. 965
CHO. Since things are so—
TEUC. Unhappy I, alas!
CHO. Thou may'st lament—
TEUC. O suffering round me pressing!
CHO. And, Teucer, groan.
TEUC. Alas! where is the child
 Of him? where in the Trojan land is he?
CHO. Alone, by the tent.
TEUC. With all speed wilt thou not 970
 Bring the boy hither? lest, like lion's whelp
 Deserted, him some hostile hand shall seize.
 Come, hasten; with me toil. Against the dead
 Or weak all willing are to have a laugh.
CHO. E'en now, when living, Teucer, this man bade thee 975

The child to look to, as became one blood.

- TEUC. Oh! of all sights to me most full of grief,
 And of all journeys bringing most of pain
 To my heart has this been, in which now I've come.
 Oh! dearest Aias! when thy fate I heard of, 980
 I sent my footsteps in pursuit to view thee.
 For quickly did there, as from some god, come
 A report through all the Greeks, that thou wert dead.
 And I unhappy hearing, absent then,
 Uttered a groan, but seeing now, I'm lost. 985
 Come let me uncover thee, all the ill to view.
 O sight unbearable? through thy bitter boldness,
 Saddest of all my eyes have ever seen,
 What pain hast thou by dying scattered round me!
 For whither and to what men can I go? 990
 Who in thy troubles no assistance gave.
 Truly will Telamon, our common father,
 Receive me with a kind and cheerful look,
 Coming without thee! How shall he, who never,
 Pleased e'en with my success, a kind word spoke 995
 To me before, his rage conceal? What word
 Of ill will he not utter? bastard calling me,
 Born of a spear-ta'en bed, and who, a coward,
 Did thee betray or in a contest base,
 Oh dearest Aias! or through craft, that I 1000
 Might at thy death thy pow'r and house possess.
 Such will a man bad-temper'd, by age harsh,
 Say, for no cause of quarrel passion-mad.
 At last from land expell'd and outcast thrown,
 Instead of freeman I shall slave be found. 1005
 Thus much at home. But in the army here
 My foes are many, few to do me good.
 And all this have I through thy dying found.
 Alas! what shall I do? How from thy wounds
 The sword of the Trojan foeman tear? by whom 1010
 Thy murderer hast thou breath'd out life, and seen
 How Hector, even dead, was doomed to kill thee.
 Behold the fate of two by gods destroyed.

- By a belt, given by Aias, Hector was
 Cut through, when dragg'd behind the chariot-wheels 1015
 His life he gave up; and from him this gift
 Aias received, and on it falling died.
 Did not Erinnys forge this weapon, and Hell,
 A savage executioner, the other?
 These things and all such I shall ever say 1020
 The gods 'gainst mortals plan. But he, who thinks
 Not so, his thoughts may keep to, I to mine.
- CHO. Thy speech prolong not, but think how thou'lt hide
 This man in the tomb, and what thou'lt put on me.
 For I a foeman see, and who will laugh 1025
 At ills, which may an ill-doer have to weep for.
- TEUC. Who 's he?
 CHO. A man from the army see.
 TEUC. I see
 Menelaus, in whose cause this sailing's made;
 For being near he's now not hard to know.
- MENELAUS.
 Thee, fellow, I address. This corpse thou must not 1030
 Carry away, but leave it, as it is.
- TEUC. Why hast thou these words wasted?
- MEN. They seem good
 To me, and good to him, who the army rules.
- TEUC. Thou wilt then speak, some reason good producing.
- MEN. Because expecting him from home to bring 1035
 An ally ~~to the~~ ^{to the} Greeks and friend, we've found him
 Seeking to do, e'en more than Phrygians, harm:
 Who against all the army death has plotted
 Singly, and carried arms by night against
 Those he abused. And had not this attempt 1040
 Some god ² extinguished, we the fate had suffered,
 Which his lot now is, and had been exposed
 To a shameful death, ~~and~~ he had lived. But now *where*
 A god has changed his violence, that it fell
 On kine and flocks. Hence here's no man so strong, 1045
 As in a tomb to sepulchre this corpse;
 But thrown on the level sea-sand it shall be

- The food of sea-birds. Hence no lofty airs
 Assume. For if we could not o'er him living
 Rule, o'er him dead we'll rule, e'en 'gainst thy will. 1050
 And yet 'tis a bad man's part to silly act
 With big man's pride, nor to hear those set o'er him
 With a just mind. For never in a state
 Can laws be carried out well, where fear is not;
 Nor can an army properly be ruled, 1055
 That feels no barrier in respect and fear.
 But for a man 'tis meet, although his body
 As big as Ætna stands, to think he'll fall
 From a slight cause unlucky. But to whom
 Fear is and shame, know well, he'll safety find. 1060
 But where one may act rudely and do all
 He likes, think such a state, that erst ran well
 Before the wind, will founder in the deep.
 Hence then let fitting fear before me stand;
 And let me not think, doing what confers 1065
 Pleasure, I shall not pay again in pain.
 All things in changes creep. This man was once
 Fiery and rude. 'Tis now my turn to have
 Thoughts lofty, striking with my foot this head,
 Which, when it lived, would hear no words from me. 1070
ΜΕΝΟ. Menelaus, who wise thoughts in words once clothed,
 Do not, now changed, be rude towards the dead.
ΤΕΥΚ. I never, friends, would wonder that a man,
 Whose family is nothing, should thus err.
 But when they thus err, who conceive they are 1075
 Of noble birth, their words excite a laugh.
 Thou say'st—I touch not on state-rules, which thou
 Hast laid down wisely—that thou didst this man
 An ally for the Achæans hither bring.
 As his own master sail'd he not? How then 1080
 Art thou his leader? How may'st thou the troops
 Rule o'er, which he did from their home lead forth?
 At Sparta ruling, not o'er us, thou cam'st;
 Nor is there, where the law of rule's laid down,
 O'er him for thee more than for him o'er thee. 1085

- Thou did'st sail here a ruler under others,
 Not chief in arms, that thou should'st rule o'er Aias.
 Rule whom thou rulest; and, if big words please,
 Punish the evil-minded. But this man,
 Whether thou say'st no, or the other leader, 1090
 I will place rightly in the tomb, no fear
 Of thy words feeling. For he joined the host
 Not for thy wife's sake, as the asses did
 Toil-full, but for the oath, to which he swore.
 But thee, who can'st do nothing, he did rank 1095
 Not e'en 'mongst asses. Hence not Carians bringing,
 But arm'd men and the general, come. But turn
 I'll not for thee, while thou art, what thou art.
- CHO. Cease thou, my friend, such language in such ills.
 For harsh words, though most just, the mind annoy. 1100
- MEN. The Bowman seems to have no little thoughts.
- TEUC. The art I follow is no ~~common~~ craft. *handy-*
- MEN. Thou would'st boast greatly, did'st thou bear a shield.
- TEUC. Light-arm'd I am enough for thee shield-girt.
- MEN. A rage how lofty cherishes thy tongue. 1105
- TEUC. With justice one may cherish lofty thoughts.
- MEN. Is't just for him, who slew me, to do well?
- TEUC. Slew thee! Thy word is strange, if still thou liv'st.
- MEN. A god preserved me. But for him, I died.
- TEUC. Say not so. Honour gods by gods preserved. 1110
- MEN. Me could the race of gods have cause to blame?
- TEUC. To bury the dead by law thou dost not grant me.
- MEN. ~~* My own peculiar foe. For 'tis not right.~~
- TEUC. Did he not throw his shield before thee, when
 He march'd a foe to Mars? 1115
- MEN. The hater I
 Did hate. This well thou knowest.
- TEUC. For a vote
 Knavish about the arms 'gainst him was found.
- MEN. Through fault of judges, not through me, he fail'd. 1120
- TEUC. Much wrong well cover'd thou could'st cheating do.
- MEN. This word will come to some one for a sorrow.
- TEUC. Sorrow not more we'll suffer than inflict.

* Who does his foe (permit)? It is not just.

- MEN. One thing I'll say. This man shall not be buried.
- TEUC. This one thing hear thou in return—He shall. 1125
- MEN. A man I saw, once very bold in tongue,
 Who sailors urged, when waves were not, to sail.
 Yet not a word could'st thou have found in him,
 When caught in a storm severe; but 'neath his cloak
 Conceal'd, he allow'd whatever sailor wish'd 1130
 To tread upon him. In like manner thee
 And thy big-blustering mouth will soon put down
 A dark storm from a small cloud blowing, and
 Bringing the brine with violence.
- TEUC. And I
 A man have seen brimful of folly, who 1135
 Did in the ills of others rudely act;
 Whom some one seeing, like myself in person,
 And similar in temper, thus address'd:
 "Man, do the dead no wrong. For if thou dost,
 Know, thou wilt suffer pain." Such good advice 1140
 He present gave the thoughtless man; and I
 Now see him; and, it seems to me, he is
 None but thyself. Have I not shewn him up?
- MEN. I'll go. For where one suffers aught, 'tis base
 By words to punish, when one may use force. 1145
- TEUC. Walk off. Since 'tis most base for me to hear
 A silly man give vent to silly words.
- CHO. From a great quarrel there will be a contest.
 But, Teucer, while thou canst, hasten and look for some
 Hollow, a grave for this corpse to heap over; 1150
 Where ever-remember'd
 By men his wide shoulders a tomb shall contain.
- TEUC. And just in fitting time are present here
 His child and wife to attend his wretched corpse.
 Come hither, boy; and standing near touch thou 1155
 Piteously the hand of him, from whom 's thy blood;
 Then sit a suppliant, holding with thy hands
 These locks of mine and hers and thine the third,
 The suppliant's treasure. And from the army should one
 Snatch thee with violence from the corpse, may he 1160

A villain villainously from the land be cast
 Unburied, and to the root his race be cut off 1160
 Thus, as I now cut off this lock of hair.
 Hold, boy, and guard the corpse ; and let no man
 Move thee away ; but falling hold it close.
 And do not ye, like women, stand, but men,
 Near, and defend it, until I return 1165
 And look to its burial, e'en though none permit.

Exit TEUCER.

CHO. What newly has fallen ? and when shall of years cease
 Much toss'd the number ?
 To me the sad state it has brought of incredible
 Labours spear-shaking ; 1170
 And the contest of chiefs
 Has of Hades the stream found,
 And Greece-land disgrace for ever.
 I wish he had pass'd into wide air,
 Or to Hades, the common lot, 1175
 That terrible man, who first shew'd to destroyers
 The new war of hateful arms.
 For he the renowned has savagely kill'd.
 He neither of chaplets
 Nor of deep goblets 1180
 Has the pleasure to me by his company given ;
 Nor that sweet sounds of flutes,
 Nor that Venus at night
 Should delight me, does he wretched wish ;
 But with contests he cruel has fill'd me. 1185
 And thus nothing-caring I lye,
 For ever my hair with heavy dews wetted,
 A pelting for cruel Troy.
 Yet formerly 'gainst nightly fear
 And darts a protector 1190
 Was the valorous Aias.
 But now he's cut down by a hated pow'r.
 What pleasure will come then to me ?
 Oh might I there be, where over the sea
 Is the woody land-barrier, 1195

Under the edge of Sunium's recess,
That I might Athens holy salute.

TEUCER reenters

Hearing the army's leader Agamemnon
Is hither coming, I have hasten'd back ;
And, as his eyes shew, a mouth harsh he'll loose. 1200

AGAMEMNON

Thine is the dreadful deed—if men tell true
The story—thus to dare 'gainst us thy mouth
To open without punishment. To thee
I speak, ~~to thee~~, the offspring of a captive—*bed*.
Wert thou of a mother nobly born the fruit, 1205
High thou hadst boasted and on tip-toe stalk'd.
Since thyself nothing for a nothing hast thou
Stood up ; and hast laid down, that we are not
The leaders of the Achæan host or fleet,
Nor of thyself ; and, as thou say'st, that Aias 1210
Sail'd his own master. Is't not such to hear
From slaves an evil great ? Of what men hast thou
Thus spoken with high thoughts ? Whither did
He go ? where stand ? that I did not ? Forsooth
There are amongst the Greeks no men, but he. 1215
A contest bitter for Achilles' arms
We seem before the Greeks to have proclaim'd,
If every wrong to the extreme we are thought to do.
Nor, though defeated, is't enough for you
To yield, where the most of judges were agreed ; 1220
But words, which ye well handle, ye hurl ill ;
Or, failing in your aim, with craft will pierce us.
Through such and senseless manners never can
A constitution under laws exist,
If those, who justly conquer, we reject, 1225
And those, who were behind, we place before.
But this we must prevent. For not big men
Or with wide shoulders are the most secure ;
But they, who think well, are superior ever.
The large-sized bull does, by a little whip 1230
Corrected, in the path walk steady on.

- And the same remedy I see is coming
 Quickly to thee, unless some sense thou gettest;
 Who for a man, that nought is but a shadow,
 Art rudely bold and with a free mouth speakest. 1235
 Will thou not prudent be? and, who thou art,
 Learning, some freeman rather bring, who will
 To us, instead of thee, thy story tell?
 For from thy speaking we can not well learn;
 Since a barbarian's language we know not. 1240
- CHO. Would that to both there were a temperate mind.
 Than this I nothing better have to say.
- TEUC. Alas! how quickly to betray the dead
 Is found a mortal! and how quickly glides
 Away the debt for favors! In short time, 1245
 Aias, of thee this man has no remembrance,
 For whom thou often hast exposed thy life,
 Labouring with spear. But all, that has been done,
 Has vanish'd, a mere voice; since thou, who words
 Just now hast many said and silly, dost not 1250
 Remember any longer, what I know,
 That you penn'd up, like sheep within the fold,
 And being nothing in the turn of battle,
 This man did coming singly save, what time
 Around the tips of the vessel's sails and seats 1255
 Of towers fire was raging, and o'er trenches
 E'en to thy ships was Hector leaping high.
 Who then this stopp'd? Was it not this man's act?
 Who, as thou say'st, without thee ne'er engaged.
 Did he by shoulders do it or by feet? 1260
 Again, in single combat against Hector,
 When he by lot, unbidden, stood opposed,
 What did he? In the midst his lot he threw,
 Not of wet clay a clod, that in a corner
 Would lye—a fugitive hidden—but would leap 1265
 The first from dog-hair helmet with light bound.
 Thus did he act; and I with him was present,
 No coward, though of wife barbarian born.
 Where looking didst thou, stupid, to abuse

- Give vent? Dost thou not know thy grandfather 1270
 Was Pelops, a barbarian from old time
 Of Phrygia; and that Atreus, who did not
 Beget thee, did most impiously before
 His brother place of his own flesh a feast;
 While thou art from a Cretan body; where 1275
 He, who was not thy father, having caught
 A paramour servant, sent, as food for fish
 Voiceless, the two destroyers of his honour.
 Born such dost thou reproach me for my birth?
 Who boast the blood of Telamon my father; 1280
 Who, of the army first, the first prize did
 My mother as a concubine obtain,
 The daughter of Laomedon, and by birth
 A princess, and a choice gift to my father
 Presented by Alcmena's son. Thus sprung, 1285
 A chieftain from two chieftains, I shall not
 Disgrace my kindred; whom in troubles lying
 Thou would'st unburied leave nor shame to laugh at.
 But know this well, that if thou cast out him,
 Thou'lt cast out me and thee, three dead together. 1290
 For it were nobler in behalf of him,
 E'en with the feelings of a thrice-slave's soul,
 In me to dye, than, Paris, for thy wife;
 To whom the brother of this man's a laugh.
 To my affairs then look not, but to thine. 1295
 Since should'st thou aught annoy me, thou would'st rather
 A coward Cretan be than bold against me.
 CHO. Oh, prince Ulysses, thou art come in time
 Not to inflame their minds, but strife compose.
 ULYSSES.
 What is the matter, Sirs? From far I heard 1300
 The noise of the Atrides' o'er this valiant corpse.
 AGAM. Language the most disgraceful we are hearing,
 Oh, prince Ulysses, from this man just now.
 ULY. What language? For I pardon would the man,
 Who, bad words hearing, bandies back bad words. 1305
 AGAM. Ill words he heard, for ill deeds he has done.

- ULY. What has he done, that he should suffer harm ?
 AGAM. He says, he will not leave this corpse of tomb
 Deprived, but bury it in law's despite.
 ULY. May a friend speak the truth, and yet remain 1310
 Not less in the same boat sailor than before ?
 AGAM. Speak on ; for else I should be senseless ; since
 I hold thee of the Greeks my greatest friend.
 ULY. Hear then, I pray thee by the gods. Dare not
 Unfeeling thus to cast away this man 1315
 Without a burial ; nor let violence urge thee
 So much to hate, as justice to tread down.
 For he of the army hated most by me
 Was once, when I obtained Achilles' arms.
 But now that he is fallen, such a body 1320
 I would dishonour not, nor fail to say
 That I behold a man amongst the Greeks,
 Who came to Troy, Achilles save, the best.
 Hence he may not with justice be dishonoured
 By thee. For not him but the laws of god 1335
 Thou would'st destroy ; nor is it right to injure,
 When dead, a brave man, though he hated be.
 AGAM. This from Ulysses ? fight for him 'gainst me ?
 ULY. I do. I hated, when to hate was fair.
 AGAM. Is it not joy to trample on the dead ? 1330
 ULY. In pleasures base thou must not feel a joy.
 AGAM. But on the bad to avenge oneself is gain.
 ULY. Exalt not gain in dealings that are foul.
 AGAM. Hardly in all things can a king act right.
 ULY. Yet he may honour friends, whose words are wise. 1335
 AGAM. Those placed in pow'r 'tis meet a good man hear.
 ULY. Thou'lt hear the best, when thou to friends dost yield.
 AGAM. See to what kind of man thou favour shewest.
 ULY. This man a foe, but yet right noble, was.
 AGAM. What would'st thou do ? Respect a foe, when dead ? 1340
 ULY. Where virtue's victor, enmity there leave.
 AGAM. Who such thoughts broaches, should o'er madmen rule.
 ULY. Of many rules the word—"Now friends, then foes."
 AGAM. Such friends thou should'st obtain ; I'll praise thee for it.

ULY. Harsh minds I wish not to pour praise on me. 1345

AGAM. Us thou wilt shew as cowards on this day.

ULY. Men rather amongst all the Greeks most just.

AGAM. To let this corpse be buried dost thou bid me ?

ULY. Yes. I, who now am here, shall thither go.

AGAM. Who loves for himself to toil, all right confounds. 1350

ULY. For whome else should I toil, but for myself ?

AGAM. This will be call'd your doing and not mine.

ULY. Act thus ; and thou wilt kindly quench all grief.

AGAM. Know well, to thee I'd grant a greater favour,
Even than this. But he both here and there 1355
Will hated be. Thou, what is meet, may'st do.

[Exit AGAMEMNON.]

CHO. Whoe'er, Ulysses, says thou art not wise
In mind thus acting, is himself a fool.

ULY. And this new thing to Teucer will I tell ; 1360

That I am now as much a friend, as late

I was a foe, and ready am the corpse

With him to bury, and in labour share,

Nor fail in what men should do for the brave.

TEUC. Ulysses, thee the best by far I have 1365

By words to praise. Since much beyond my hopes

Thou hast deceived me. For amongst the Greeks

Thou wert his greatest foe. Yet thou alone

Hast with thy pow'r stood by him ; nor hast dared,

E'en where thou could'st, alive to insult the dead, 1370

As did the leader ; who came here ~~forsooth~~ *with words*

~~With words~~ ¹Of thunder ; and wish'd, ~~himself~~ ²and brother, ~~back~~ ³he

To cast him out maltreated and unburied.

Hence may the Father, over yon Olympus

Chief ruler, and Erinnyes, that forgets not, 1375

And Justice, that to an end brings crimes, destroy

These evil doers in an evil way,

As they unworthily wish'd to treat him ill.

But thee I leave, of Lartius old the seed,

Much fearing to permit thee touch his tomb, 1380

Lest haply, what to the dead gives pain, I do.

But elsewhere do thou share with me the toil ;

And if on the third day thou dost wish to bring
 Aught as a gift, we then shall feel no pain.
 But all the rest I'll furnish ; and do thou
 Know, thou hast done to us a good man's part.

ULY. It was my wish ; but since it is not thine 1385
 For me to act, praising your plans I go.

[Exit ULYSSES.

TEUC. It is enough ; for of time much already
 Has been expended. Some from the hollow tomb
 Make an earth-mound with their hands, and let others
 Place round the fire a tripod high-footed, 1390
 Meet for holy ablutions ; and let a troop carry
 From out the tent dresses, worn under the shield ;
 And do thou, ~~oh~~ child, laying hold of thy father
 With affection and strength, as thou can'st, with me bear up
 These sides ; for life's channels still warm with a dark stream
 Are bubbling. And whoso says that he a friend is, 1401
 Quick let him come to this man, who to labour
 Was good and to speak too ; and no one than Aias,
 When he was yet living,
 Of mortals do I say was better.

CHO. Much is it given to mortals to see and know.
 But before seeing, one prophet has well known,
 What the fate of the future would bring.

The reader is requested to attend to the following Alterations, as they
 are closely connected with the Improved Text, alluded to in the Title
 Page, or with the harmony of the versification.

v. 30	A scout well told me that he saw alone,
59	and know, in thought he slays
63	and cast upon him heaven-sent ills.
77	What dost thou, Athana? Do not call him out.
79	Don't by the gods. Suffice it he stay in.
81	Enter in strife? Is he not still a foe?
104	ATH. Thine
110	ATH. Thou dost what? or his heart vex more?
138	down, and again
160	he'd not persuade.
161	For envy creeps against

- v. 211 In a murky storm of madness.
 218 thou shalt hear.
 247 with twin power
 287 Woman, to women
 340 Lo! some one opens.
 407 Whom the Trojan beheld of his army the fear,
 408 A leader arriving from Greece-land.
 521 *At.* What dost thou say?
 524 a cruel fate.
 562 That he of their old age shall cherish be,
 563 Till they shall colourless the cavern reach
 631 Which never to any of Æacus' sons,
 633 Except in this one, has life fostered.
 639 By oil from woman.
 660 As kind thoughts not for ever to bestow.
 683 Oh ho! Pan, with thy goat-face
 691 Much of sorrow destroying, Apollo come quickly;
 692 And as thou the Sun art, and knowest
 693 What has to a prince befallen,
 745 if living
 746 A common race he wish'd to see. For on
 774 Learn, the man's not; but wise in dreams was Calchas.
 779 For at the point is one to be not glad.
 875 If by chance an eye has seen
 878 Roaming, can not in a lucky course come near
 879 The spot, where the wanderer one might behold.
 900 Have I thee disregarded. Upon the ground
 923 this very-sad event.
 941 Has a man of much daring found;
 953 How then at him can laugh the knaves? For gods
 954 His life he laid down blameless, not for them.
 996 To me before, his hate conceal!
 1010 The sword of the Trojan foeman tear; by which
 1011 A Fury breathing blood thee killed; who see'st
 1012 How Hector, even dead, was doom'd to slay thee.
 1070 Which, know this, when it lived, would hear no words
 1071 From me. Hence I forewarn thee, touch it not.
 1072 Lest, burying him, thou burial bring'st on self.
 1098 For thy noise I'll not; while thou art,
 1121 Evils will come not more than we inflict.
 1146 From a great quarrel will rise a contest
 1195 In the woody land-barrier, that's washed by the wave,
 1254 This man did coming singly save. So when
 1255 Fear was of fire raging round the tops
 1256 Of the sails and rower's benches and of Hector
 1257 E'en to thy ships o'er trenches leaping high.
 1268 No coward Cretan, call'd barbarian blood.
 1294 To whom thy brother is, know well, a laugh.
 1359 In mind, thus rightly acting, is a fool.

N. B. From v. 1115 to 1158 the numbers are misplaced, through counting half-lines as whole ones.

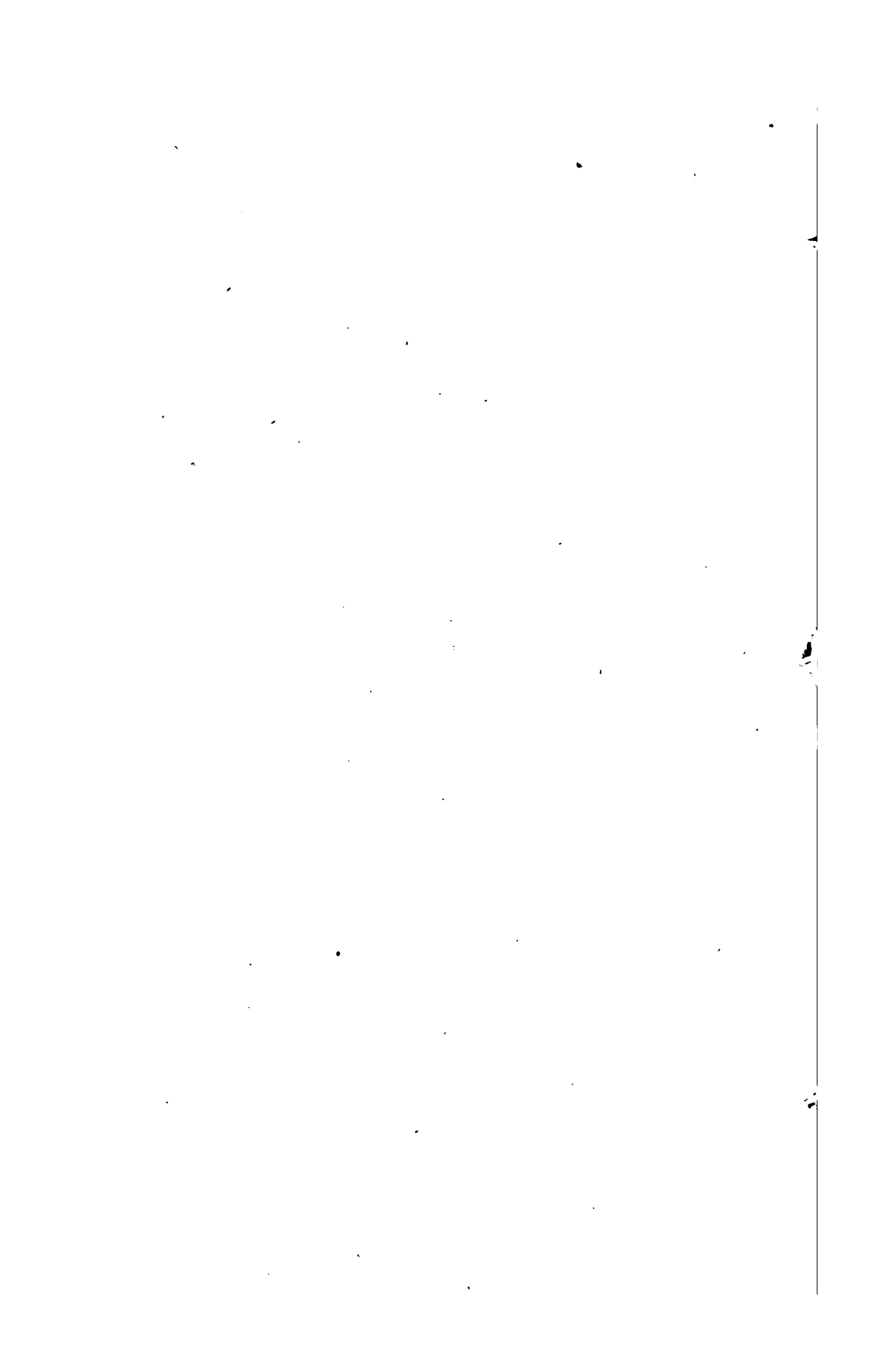
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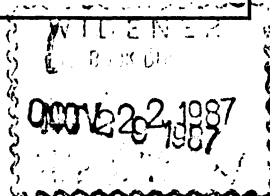


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